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but without a light snapping his fingers upon a violin, and scraping with an unstrung bow the loosened strings.

This was the kind of study, in which Sivori spent the night, which produced the inexplicable noise and kept Piatti from sleeping.

— Listen, he said, to Sivori, I have lived in Spain, where the *serénos* awaken you at every hour of the night to inform you of the state of the weather; I have sojourned in Holland, where men are payed expressly to awaken you, by shaking the rattle, to tell you the hour, and to wish you good night; I have even slept at Antwerp notwithstanding the chimes which play every hour variations of the "Carnival of Venice," and every half hour the bass drum air of the "Caïd": thus you see that I am well organized for sleep. But I never could accustom myself to sleep with mice and mosquitoes, and anything that can remind me of the mouse which scratches, and the mosquito that bites, is supremely odious to me. So, my friend, permit me to suggest that you no longer pursue this imitation, or better, let us separate.

They separated. After this Beal engaged Herman for several concerts with Piatti.

— One moment, said Piatti; do you smoke in the night?

— Never.

— Do you play dominos in the night?

— Rarely.

— Do you practice your violin in the night?

— In the night I sleep.

— In a word, are you a somnambulist?

— Not that I am conscious of.

This reply was not entirely satisfactory, nevertheless Piatti ventured this time, declaring that it would surely be the last. Have you supped? he asked Herman.

— No, but I will do so.

— Very well! we will take tea together, and chat.

Since his nights of wakefulness, Piatti had taken each night a pill in his tea. These pills, which possessed the virtue of giving sleep to those who did not sleep at all, would inevitably throw into a lethargic slumber those who ordinarily sleep pretty well.

Voilà mon affaire, said Piatti, regretting bitterly that he had not thought before of a means so simple of quieting his unfortunate *compagnons de voyage*.

The next morning it was himself who went to awaken Herman, who was snoring like a German top.

— Have you slept well? inquired Piatti.

— Like a marmot.

— Will you take tea with me this evening also?

— How!—but I will count upon it with pleasure.

— You do not know the pleasure you give me in accepting; had you refused me, I should not have slept.

— You are too amiable.

And every evening the pills were adroitly thrown into the cup of tea prepared for Herman, and each morning it was Piatti who was obliged to awaken him.

— How I sleep in this country!

— It is the Thames fog, replied Piatti.

— What delicious sleep!

— It is the effect of the heavy atmosphere of England.

— I think I sleep too much.

— No matter. . . sleep. . . it is the death of each day. . . one must only think of the morrow. . .

Finally, Piatti travelled in the watering cities of the Rhine.

When Wieniawski proposed to him this tour, he saw a shiver pass over Piatti's face.

— What is the matter? he asked.

— Nothing, replied Piatti. . . bitter souvenirs now almost effaced.

And upon Wieniawski's urgent request, Piatti gave him the narration of his travels with Molique, Sainton, Ernst, Sivori, down to the adventure with Herman.

— Reassure yourself, my friend, said Wieniawski; I only smoke after dinner, I only play dominos after having smoked, and I only dream in silence. Beside, I am about to marry, and to reform, I shall commence to habituate myself to sleeping well.

— Then, said Piatti, I accept; let us travel, play, smoke, poetize, dream; but in the night, for the love of God, let us sleep.

The two friends set out; only Wieniawski, in exchange for his promise not to trouble the sleep of Piatti, made him promise, on his part, to add nothing to the cup of tea that he took every evening.

Behold six months have passed since the agreement was made, and it had been faithfully kept by the contracting parties.

LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

ANDREA CASTAGNO,

Born 1403, died 1477;

AND

LUCA SIGNORELLI,

Born 1440, died 1521.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, we find Lorenzo de' Medici, the *Magnificent*, master of the Florentine republic, as it was still denominated, though now under the almost absolute power of one man. The mystic and spiritual school of Angelico and his followers no longer found admirers in the city of Florence, where the study of classical literature, and the enthusiastic admiration of the Medici for antique art, led to the cultivation and development of a style wholly different; the painters, instead of confining themselves to scriptural events and characters, began at this time to take their subjects from mythology and classical history. Meantime, the progress made in the knowledge of form, the use of colors, and all the technical appliances of the art, prepared the way for the appearance of those great masters who in the succeeding century carried painting in all its departments to the highest perfection, and have never yet been surpassed.

About 1460, a certain Neapolitan painter, named ANTONELLO DA MESSINA, having travelled into the Netherlands, learned there from Johan v. Eyk and his scholars the art of managing oil-colors. Being at Venice on his return, he communicated the secret to a Venetian painter, Domenico Veneziano, with whom he had formed a friendship, and who, having acquired considera-

ble reputation, was called to Florence to assist Andrea di Castagno in painting a chapel in Santa Maria Novella. Andrea, who had been a scholar of Masaccio, was one of the most famous painters of the time, and a favorite of the Medici family. On the occasion of the conspiracy of the Pazzi, when the Archbishop of Pisa and his confederates were hung by the magistrates from the windows of the palace, Andrea was called upon to represent, on the walls of the Podestà, this terrible execution—"fit subject for fit hand;" and he succeeded so well that he obtained the surname of Andrea *degli Impiccati*, which may be translated Andrea, *the hangman*. He afterwards earned a yet more infamous designation—Andrea, *the assassin*. Envious of the reputation which Domenico had acquired by the beauty and brilliance of his colors, he first, by a show of the most devoted friendship, obtained his secret, and then seized the opportunity when he accompanied Domenico one night to serenade his mistress, and stabbed him to the heart. He contrived to escape suspicion, and allowed one or two innocent persons to suffer for his crime; but on his death-bed, ten years afterwards, he confessed his guilt, and has been consigned to merited infamy. Very few works of this painter remain. Four are in the Berlin Museum; they are much praised by Lazzi, but, however great their merit, it is difficult to get rid of the associations of disgust and horror connected with the character of the man. It is remarkable that none of his remaining pictures are painted in oil-colors, but all are in distemper, as if he had feared to avail himself of the secret acquired by such flagitious means, and the knowledge of which, though not the practice, became general before his death.

In the year 1471 Sixtus IV. became pope. Though by no means endued with a taste for art, he resolved to emulate the Medici family, whose example and patronage had diffused the fashion, if not the feeling, throughout all Italy; and having built that beautiful chapel in the Vatican called by his name, and since celebrated as the *Sistine Chapel*, the next thing was to decorate it with appropriate paintings. On one side of it was to be represented the history of Moses; on the other, the history of Christ; the old law and the new law, the Hebrew and the Christian dispensation, thus placed in contrast and illustrating each other. As there were no distinguished painters at that time in Rome, Sixtus invited from Florence those of the Tuscan artists who had the greatest reputation in their native country. The first of these was Sandro (that is, Alessandro) BOTTICELLI, remarkable for being one of the earliest painters who treated mythological subjects on a small scale as decorations for furniture, and the first who made drawings for the purpose of being engraved. These, as well as his religious pictures, he treated in a fanciful, capricious style. Six of his pictures are in the Museum at Berlin—one an undraped Venus; and two are in the Louvre. Sandro was a pupil of the monk Fra Filippo already mentioned, and after his death took charge of his young son Filippino Lippi, who excelled both his father and his preceptor, and became one of the greatest painters of his time. Another painter employed by Pope Sixtus was LUCA SIGNORELLI, of Cortona, the first who not only drew the human form with admirable correctness, but, aided by a degree of anatomical knowledge rare in those days, threw such spirit and expression into the various attitudes of his figures, that his great work, the frescoes of the

Cathedral of Orvieto, representing the Last Judgment, were studied and even imitated by Michael Angelo. This painter was apparently a favorite of Fuseli, whose compositions frequently remind us of the long limbs and animated, but sometimes exaggerated, action of Signorelli.

[From the North American Review.]

PHILOSOPHY OF THE FINE ARTS.

BY ERNEST VON LASAULX,

The progress of science and civilization consists in this, that every idea disappears in a higher idea. A new thought reveals itself, and the world that seemed so fixed becomes fluid again, and takes another shape as it spins around the axis of this new thought. The discovery of a simple hydrostatic principle rendered superfluous the stupendous masonry of Roman aqueducts. They were built to weather the assaults of ages, but they were all toppled down by the breath of one thinking man. Thus one art overturns another. During the Middle Ages the ascendant art was architecture, including, as subordinate branches, sculpture, which chiseled the portals, and painting, which illuminated the windows. All the intellectual and æsthetic energy of the age converged to this one point. The stuff that now makes the poet then made the architect, the sculptor, or the painter. The inspiration which now produces a book then produced a building. The thinker, unwilling to intrust his thoughts to the fleeting breath of a wandering minstrel, or to a perishable manuscript which few had either the ability or opportunity to read, wrote them on enduring tablets of stone, and lifted them up before the eyes of all men. In this literature of the quarry, Abelard's free-thinking found utterance, as well as Hildebrand's hierarchy. Every change of public opinion and all social and political revolutions are recorded here. Even the scepticisms and heresies that crept into the Church are sculptured on its walls and over its portals, in chisellings as caustic as the epigrams of Rabelais or the drops that flowed from the pen of Erasmus. But when Guttenberg invented movable types, and in company with John Faust established his little printing press at Metz, in the year 1450, the life of architecture went out. It is easier to print a word than to hew a stone, to shape a sentence than to erect a column, to publish a book than to put in motion tons of material for the purpose of translating a thought into a building. Besides, the ubiquity of the printed page more than compensates for the durability of the sculptured stone. The paper leaves that fly abroad and fill the earth are more imperishable than piles of solid masonry. A second irruption of barbarians might blot out forever the famous *stanze* of Raphael, and obliterate the cycles of Sibyls and prophets culminating in "The Last Judgment," in which Michael Angelo has traced the origin, growth, and final dispensation of theocracy; but the thought once impressed on the printed page is not subject to such contingencies; it is "exempt from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation." Thus the craft of the printer, by furnishing the readiest mode of utterance, and, at the same time, the best means of preserving the thing uttered, superseded the primitive didactic vocation of the artist; henceforth his function was to adorn the doctrine which he had hitherto been required to teach.

However beneficial the invention of printing

may have been to the advancement of science and the spread of civilization, it necessarily exerted an influence unfavorable to art, and especially to architecture. Architecture coming in conflict with it made a desperate struggle for life. It went back to Rome and Greece, and engrafted classic on Christian art, producing the period known as the Renaissance, which afterwards degenerated into the Rococo and Periwig of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But it was in vain. All the past could not save it. It is virtually dead, and we shall never build cathedrals so long as we can print cyclopædias. There has been no great architecture since the sixteenth century. The last of the giant builders was Michael Angelo, who died in 1564, the year in which Shakspeare was born; and even he expressed himself in this form less freely than his predecessors. With the same cubic feet of material, Brunelleschi of the fifteenth century is grander than Michael Angelo of the sixteenth. Compare the dome of Santa Maria dei Fiori in Florence with that of St. Peter's in Rome, and the former displays a deeper intelligence and a finer flow of originality. In the latter, the sublime is to a great degree lost in the merely stupendous. The only great attempt at Gothic architecture in the present century—the New Palace of Westminster—is a most signal failure. In comparison with the old Abbey that stands near it, it is an empty and frivolous gewgaw; and yet the Abbey itself is far inferior to the great cathedrals of the Continent. The profusion of ornament which Sir Charles Barry lavished on the edifice could not hide its real decrepitude. It does not enkindle the faintest spark of creative interest. It is the cold mechanical imitation of what ceased to be an inspiration more than three centuries ago, the hollow mask moulded on the face of a dead civilization. It is "a monument of Gothic art" in a far different sense from that in which the guide-books employ those words.

Next in the ascending series of the fine arts stands sculpture. Originally, as we have seen, it was closely allied to architecture, and for a long time subordinate to it. The statues of India and Egypt are all essentially architectural; with half closed, heavy eyes, and arms pinioned to their sides, they lack life and liberty. Greek statuary, on the other hand, is endowed with a freedom and individuality corresponding to the emancipation of the religious consciousness of the Greek people. This freedom, however, was only a gradual attainment on the part of the Greeks. "Life is short, and art is long," and the perfection of all human productions is not to be reached by the efforts of a few generations, much less within the hour-glass of one man's life, but depends on the accumulated labor and experience of successive ages, each mounting higher than the former by a slow, spiral ascent, which often seems like moving on a dead level. Thus the earliest Greek sculpture is only a slight advance beyond the Indian and the Egyptian, and appears to have been derived from them. It is a different stage of the same type, another expression of a religious symbolism, in which every attitude, limb, and feature has some moral or intellectual significance. Consequently we find in the remotest periods of Hellenic art images which we might expect to see only on the banks of the Nile or the Ganges. Three-eyed Jupiters, four-armed Apollos, a Bacchus in the form of a bull, a Eury-nome like a mermaid, a colossal Diana with ten hieroglyphic tiers of breasts, and a black Ceres

with the head of a horse encircled with serpents. The period which produced these monstrosities was pantheistic; they are the embodiments of the old Orphic theology, in which the gods were regarded as substantial potencies or powers of nature, prescriptive types of ideas and qualities to which we do not always possess the key. Apollo was originally the sun-god, extending his arms on all sides like rays of light. But as light is the emblem of knowledge, he became the god of prophecy and the corypheus of the Muses, and finally was endowed with a distinct personality as the god-man, the ideal of spiritual power and beauty. So it was with the oldest images of all the deities, which were supposed to have fallen from heaven. They were highly symbolical in their purpose, and very stiff and conventional in their mode of representation. In some of the most primitive temples they were mere blocks of wood or stone, with limbs and lineaments rudely indicated by lines drawn on or deeply cut into the surface, after the manner of Egyptian basso-relievos. In others the divinities are not distinguishable from each other in form or feature, but only by their emblems,—the thunderbolt, the trident, the caduceus, or the palm branch. They were not intended to resemble persons, but to represent principles. The lively imagination and symmetrical mind of the Greek soon revolted against these bungling and materialistic methods of expressing attributes. The hundred hands of Briareus and the multitudinous eyes of Argus are cheap and childish contrivances to indicate power and intelligence, compared with the ambrosial curls and knitted brow of the Olympian Jove or the prophetic glance and majestic front of Apollo. Yet so slow was the growth of art even in Greece, that after Dædalus had half freed the statue from its original clay by opening its eyes and separating its legs, eight centuries elapsed before it became a living soul under the hand of Phidias.

Sculpture, as well as architecture, was at first employed exclusively in the service of religion, and even during its palmiest days, in the age of Pericles, it continued to be devoted to this end in all its highest efforts. In Athens there was doubtless much stone cutting and wall painting applied to the daily necessities of life, but statues and pictures, as objects of art, were, as we have said, unknown in private dwellings. Before the time of Socrates there is not a single instance of a portrait bust; and portrait painting was first practised in the school of Apelles, a contemporary of Alexander the Great. Pausanias (I. 46) informs us that a certain Phryne contrived to gain possession of a statuette of Cupid made by her lover Praxiteles; but she dared not incur the danger of keeping it, and consequently atoned for her impiety by consecrating it as a public work of art at Thespie, her native city. In Athens there were no private galleries of art, such as we find in modern European cities. Phidias was forbidden even to put his name on the statue of Minerva; and because it was alleged that in the representation of the battle of the Greeks and Amazons, which adorned the shield of the goddess, he had introduced among other figures the portraits of himself and Pericles, he was accused of impious ambition and thrown into prison, where he died. It was not until the Macedonian age that the plastic arts began to forget their sacred destination, and degenerate into means of gratifying the luxury of individuals. The function of the sculptor was half priestly; he was the commissioned interpreter of the gods. We are